



Il Circo di Sangue



👁 5 ✓ 0 ★ 1

Chapter 1 by Katie Chapman

I peered through the red and white striped curtains. The tiered seats were filling up fast. I looked over towards the entrance and saw Nekane, the ticket collector. Coincidentally, she happened to glance over at me at the same time, and winked. I smirked, knowing that throughout the evening, there would be several men AND women drooling at her. They were justified through - there was a reason we had a seductive ticketer. There are always people who pay more if they like what they see, in hopes of something in return later. These people, however, are always left disappointed. They never suspected that she had a daughter, and had no interest in anyone else but her little fairy princess.

I checked my pocket-watch. 5 minutes till beginning. I strode over to the mirror that had been placed just before the fabric entrance to the ring. It had been a worthwhile investment and was used mainly to check costumes before entering onto the stage.

I adjusted my crimson Ring Mistress' jacket so that the golden decoration lay in the middle of my collar bones, below my neck. The pale silver waistcoat underneath covered my assets, and there was a flash of olive skin between the shimmering item and my black shorts as I reached

upwards and angled my top hat

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Checking my pocket watch again

'5, 4, 3, 2, 1, 0!' I whispered

the drums began to roll, so

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until we started.
I humbled the last number,
by

I stepped through the curtain.

"Signore e signori, Ladies and Gentlemen, Bambini! Welcome to Il Circo di Sangue!"

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